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WHOSE WIDOW

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

BY

HELEN C. CLIFFORD

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FITZGERALD PUBLISHING CORP'N, 18 Vesey St., N. Y.

WHOSE WIDOW

A Comedy in One Act

By

HELEN C. CLIFFORD

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18 Vesey Street New York

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WHOSE WIDOW

CHARACTERS

MARCELLA ..... *Widow*
KATHERINE ..... *Cousin*
BOB ..... *Cousin*
MRS. MARSCH ..... *Aunt*
MR. LIPPERY ..... *Society Man*
MR. LONEY ..... *Friend*
SARAH ..... *Mr. Loney's Aunt*
SERVANT .....
IMPOSTER .....

TIME.—The Present. LOCALITY.—New York.
TIME OF PLAYING.—50 minutes.

COSTUMES

Appropriate to character portrayed.

JUL 26 1919 ©CLD 52286

WHOSE WIDOW

SCENE.—*Interior of an up-to-date living room furnished with chairs, settees, tables, etc., as may be available. Doors right* (R.) *and center* (C.). DISCOVERED: KATHERINE *arranging flowers on a small table.* ENTER *hesitatingly,* MARCELLA, D.C.

KATHERINE. Marcella. Gracious, how you did frighten me. But what under the sun are you doing in black? *(Runs to* MARCELLA—*embraces her)* But, dear, I am so glad you came. It seems so long since I saw your dear face.

MARCELLA. I am glad, too, for I feel as if I am going to have the time of my life, I do, I do, I do, I do.

KATH. But, dear, what possessed you to dress in such mournful colors. You had better change before mother sees you, she is so particular. She will never let you dress in black, you, a coming débutante. Why, I've been out two years already and she won't even let me wear it. Come dear, change it for one of your more cheerful garments.

MARCELLA *(sighs).* Ah me—I fear, Katherine, you haven't grasped the situation. Gaze—before you stands a young widow.

KATH. *(falls in chair).* Marcella, you haven't——

MARCELLA. No, I haven't married, but I am a young widow by choice. *(Sits on stool at* KATH.'s *feet)* You see, when father informed me that I was to come here and have aunt present me to society as a young, unsophisticated bud, I was really depressed at the idea. You see, in Colorado I can do what I want. The people all know me and are never surprised at my pranks. But to have to meet a host of men and have to talk twaddle to them, why, Katherine, it is simply appalling.

KATH. But Marcella——

MARCELLA. So I hit on this plan. I will be a widow. On account of my weeds no one will flirt with me and I will be left to do whatever I choose. So I dodged Bob at the station—bought the most gorgeous widow's outfit, even to this wedding ring. *(Shows wedding ring)*

KATH. You don't really mean to tell me that you intend masquerading as a widow?

MARCELLA. Sorry, Katherine, that you take it so hard, because a widow I *am* and a widow I'll remain.

KATH. But mother, what will she think, and she expects company this afternoon.

MARCELLA *(deep thought)*. Oh! I've got it. You come up and help me unpack and when the company arrives we will come down. You see, aunt will be taken at a disadvantage then. She will never deny me publicly.

KATH. Say, if you can put this over I will call you a wonder.

[EXIT D.R. KATH. *and* MARCELLA, *chatting gaily.*

ENTER D.C. MRS. MARSCH *and* BOB.

MRS. MARSCH. You say you certainly met that train?

BOB. I sure did, but no Marcella was on it. I cannot see how she could have escaped me. I was determined she would not give me the slip this time as she is in the habit of doing if it suits her.

MRS. MARSCH. Well then, I suppose she missed the train and will wait until to-morrow.

ENTER D.C., SERVANT.

SERVANT. Mr. Lippery calling. [EXIT D.C.

ENTER D.C. MR. LIPPERY.

MRS. MARSCH. How do you do, Mr. Lippery?

BOB. How do, John, how is——?

ENTER C.D. MARCELLA. *Walks very slowly—downcast look, followed by* KATH. *All stare in astonishment.*

MARCELLA *(goes up to* MRS. MARSCH, *kisses her lightly).* Aunt. How do, Bob.

BOB. I must have missed you at the station.

MARCELLA. It's of no importance. I found my way here all right. I—I—have learned to look out for myself. *(An awkward pause)*

KATH. Marcella, dear, I want you to meet an old friend of the family's. Mr. Lippery, Miss—— Mrs. Loney. *(*MARCELLA *and* LIPPERY *shake hands.* BOB *and* MRS. MARSCH *exchange wondering glances and retreat to back of stage—engage in earnest conversation.* KATH. *moves to* L. *of stage, arranging flowers and books.* MARCELLA *and* LIPPERY *sit on settee)*

MR. LIPPERY. Did I understand your name to be Loney?

MARCELLA. Yes.

MR. LIPPERY. I wonder if you happen to be related to the Loneys of Concord? They are great friends of mine.

MARCELLA. My husband had no relatives on this side of the waters, he was English and stationed in India.

MR. LIPPERY. Really? Perhaps then some kin of Sir Frances Loney.

MARCELLA. No, I do not recall my dear, departed husband ever speaking of a Sir Frances Loney. *(Uses handkerchief to eyes.* KATH. *catches* MR. LIPPERY'S *eye and beckons to him to come over to her)*

KATH. When speaking to my cousin I would not mention India to her much. You know her husband died there. She adored him, but——

MR. LIPPERY. Surely he adored her. *(*MARCELLA *makes funny face at* KATH. *over* MR. LIPPERY'S *head)*

KATH. Yes—he did adore her—but—he was unworthy of her. Her short married life has made her distrust and fear and dislike men.

MR. LIPPERY. That's too bad. We must try to help her to forget it. Her bereavement is recent?

KATH. Let me see—he died nearly a year ago, I think. But, of course, the thing was so sudden, it was a shock—she hasn't entirely recovered from the effects of it yet.

BOB. I say, Marcella, mother and I have been having a little discussion. Just what year were you married. I've forgotten.

MARCELLA. To think you could have forgotten, when it was you who gave me away.

BOB. My dear, I—I have such a dreadful memory.

MARCELLA. But my *(Sobs)* wedding day.

MR. LIPPERY. Yes, it is a peculiar fact that affairs of the greatest importance will oftentimes slip a man's memory. Well, I shall have to cut my visit short as I have still another call to make. *(Shakes hands all around —to* MARCELLA*)*: I trust that now that you are in New York I shall see you again. *(To* KATH.*)* You will arrange that, I am sure.

KATH. Yes, indeed, we will only be too happy to take her mind off of bygone happenings.

[EXIT MR. LIPPERY D.C.

MRS. MARSCH *(furious)*. Now I should like to know the meaning for your—your outrageous behaviour.

MARCELLA. The whole thing was my original idea. *(Smiles)* I planned it and got the costumes on my way up this afternoon, and Katherine was forced to help me. For that matter, all of you are as guilty as she; for you helped as much as she did. It is only a harmless masquerade.

MRS. MARSCH. A *harmless* masquerade, indeed! *(Sinks in chair)* You come here to my house and present yourself to my guests under an assumed name. What will you suppose will happen when Mr. Lippery finds this out? He'll think we planned this whole thing to ridicule him.

MARCELLA *(gently)*. Come, come, don't be an old bear, I mean don't try to behave like one, because we all know you are not one. How is he to know. I intend masquerading. You didn't think that I went to all this bother just for one night's fun.

MRS. MARSCH. What? *(*BOB *and* KATH. *exchange looks of admiration)*

BOB. My dear cousin, what is your object in proposing such a—a very curious plan?

MARCELLA. My object is to acquire the liberty of a widow instead of the penned-in state of a débutante.

MRS. MARSCH. If there was madness in the family, I should send for a specialist and have you examined at once.

MARCELLA. Nonsense, I'm really demonstrating my extreme sanity. As a young widow, almost out of mourning, I can go about as I please, I shall have the liberty of conduct permitted a married woman and yet I shall be free of a husband's restraining influence. I shall be free to play as much as I like—to flirt, to dance—to have a good time.

MRS. MARSCH. Well, all I can say is that I wash my hands out of the whole business but, in the meantime, I shall inform your father of this and ask him to call you back home again. [EXIT *haughtily* D.R.

MARCELLA *(to* KATH.*)*. Come along, dear, help me unpack. I want to show you the rest of my wonderful outfit.

[EXIT D.R. MARCELLA *and* KATH., *laughing and talking together.*

BOB. Well, if that girl doesn't beat all I have ever met. Will she ever grow up? *(*ENTER D.C. SERVANT *with card on tray*—BOB *reads it)* Mr. Loney. Let—me—see. Ah, just the one. He was always playing jokes on us boys at college so I will pay him back. *(To* SERVANT*)* All right, show Mr. Loney up. *(*EXIT SERVANT*)* By Jove, this will be rich.

ENTER D.C. MR. LONEY.

BOB *(claps* LONEY *on back)*. How do, old sport. My, it seems ages since I last saw you.

LONEY. It seems like old times to see you once again. It carries me back to our college days, and the good times we had together. How are your mother and sister, I trust well?

Bob. They are fine, thank you. Say, by the way, we have a cousin visiting us and her name is the same as yours. I wonder if you are related in any way?

Loney. I've a number of relatives by the same name.

Bob. Well, this one is a widow—husband was an Englishman—army man, I think, stationed in India.

Loney. That must have been Sidney Loney. He was an Englishman, stationed in India, and a distant cousin of mine. But I'd no idea he was either married or dead. You say his widow is here?

Bob. Visiting us. I'll tell you what I will do, I shall go get her so that you can have a talk with her yourself. [EXIT D.R.

Loney. Well, this will certainly be a queer coincidence if this cousin of Bob's should be related to me also; well, funny things——

ENTER D.R. Bob *and* Marcella, *talking.*

Bob. Marcella, I want to present a distant cousin of yours, Mr. Jack Loney.

Marcella. A cousin of mine? How can that be?

Loney. A cousin of your husband. Bob happened to mention that your husband was Sidney Loney, and I told him that Sidney Loney was a distant cousin of mine, so I find myself connected.

Marcella. I had no idea that my husband was related in this part of the world. He was English you know. Do you suppose you have in mind the same Sidney Loney?

Loney. Of course. There couldn't be two, both English, both army men, stationed in India.

Marcella.—You know he was never very friendly with his people. That's why it seemed so odd meeting you. *(*Marcella *gives* Bob *furious look*—Bob *grins back)*

Loney. I know he was never on intimate terms with any of the family. Quarreled with his elders and left home. I suppose that's why we hadn't heard of his death or even his marriage. He was taken recently?

*(*MARCELLA *nods—brings handkerchief into play—*BOB *rolls eyes sorrowfully over* MARCELLA'S *bended head)*

LONEY. Forgive me if I've hurt you.

MARCELLA. It happened nearly a year ago. *(Another daub at eyes)* But so suddenly that I haven't entirely recovered from the shock of it. Please, if you don't mind—I like—to forget it all.

LONEY. I've heard something of that.

MARCELLA.—You have heard something of what?

LONEY. The sort of a man Sidney was. None of the rest of the Loneys are like him. You must let us make up to you, if we can, for his defections.

MARCELLA. Thank you, I am glad to know you. It is pleasant to feel I've so many relatives. I had no idea that there were any Loneys who wanted to claim me—or whom I should want to know.

LONEY. I dare say you've not a very favorable impression of the family, of course.

MARCELLA. It would be unfair to judge all of the Loneys by one—and yet—they say blood will tell.

LONEY. He was an offshoot—an alien. He was no more like the rest of the family than——

BOB. I beg your pardon, but I have an errand to attend to. *(*MARCELLA *gives* BOB *a saucy look—*BOB *grins back)* [EXIT BOB D.R.

LONEY. Than you are like any other woman I have ever seen. You must help us to make up to you for the past.

MARCELLA. Why do you want to make up to me for the past?

LONEY. Because you are too fine and wonderful to have been hurt. It is maddening to think one of my own kin hurt you.

MARCELLA. I see, you feel a certain responsibility. What is there that you can do? The past is gone. You can't bring it back and make things as if they hadn't been.

LONEY. Poor child, what a——

MARCELLA. Do you think you'd better go on calling me that?

LONEY. What?

MARCELLA. Your poor child.

LONEY. Eh, eh—perhaps not, I had not realized what I was saying. What may I call you?

MARCELLA. Cousin Marcella would be entirely correct and not too affectionate.

LONEY. Very well. And you are to feel free to call upon me for anything. Try to remember that it is not because you are my cousin that I feel this way. If you were not my cousin, Mrs. Loney, I should feel the same. Your name or your station in life or your past life makes no difference. It is to you, I am drawn, it is to——

ENTER D.C. KATHERINE.

KATH. Good evening, Mr. Loney. I'm sorry to intrude, but I simply had to. Marcella has a most important date with me.

MARCELLA. Must I keep it, dear?

KATH. Simply must.

LONEY. Then I shall have to curtail my visit, much to my sorrow. But I will see you soon again.

MARCELLA. I hope so.

LONEY *(walks to* D.C., *turns).* Oh! by the way, cousin Marcella, I forgot to mention that my aunt Sarah is staying with us at present. I will tell her about you. She will call on you. *(*EXIT D.C. MARCELLA *and* KATH. *stare at one another, horrified)*

MARCELLA *(staring at* KATH., *horrified).* Oh, Lord, a woman to deal with. *(Both laugh)* Oh, come what may, but he is certainly wonderful and I'm beginning to lose my head over him entirely. Oh, Katherine! *(Hugs* KATH.*)*

KATH. You unfeeling wretch! And Sidney only dead a year.

MARCELLA. Of all the names to select Katherine, and of all the families to thrust me into. I'm to have a visit from Aunt Sarah.

KATH. You've no idea how Mr. Loney's brother

pities you. I had him on the 'phone while you were talking in here. I told him all about you and he assured me that he means to drop in to see you every day while you are here.''

MARCELLA. Indeed! If you ask me anything, I think it will be a dandy excuse for him to see someone else besides me.

KATH. I fail to understand what you mean. Nevertheless he insisted that I make you go about. In fact, he wants you and me to go to the theatre to-night. He is going to look up an extra man.

MARCELLA. Theatre? Lovely. *(Dances around stage —stops suddenly)* But ought I to go, do you think?

KATH. By all means. He says you need a little excitement to take your mind off your unhappy married life.

MARCELLA. My what?

KATH. Your unfortunate marriage. He says Sidney was a brute and a drunkard. He says the luckiest thing that ever happened to you was Sidney leaving you a widow so soon, and he's Sidney's cousin, so he ought to know.

MARCELLA. Good heavens!

KATH. Poor dear. I heard all about it from Charles. No wonder you couldn't bear to confide the details of your wretched marriage to the black sheep of the family. To think of your going out to India alone with a big brute of a man who certainly neglected you and probably beat you.

MARCELLA. It isn't true. *(Stamps foot)* I won't have you saying such things about my dear departed. Besides, if he was so dreadful, you picked him out for me—you and Bob. And you are to blame. I never heard of him until you thrust him upon me.

KATH. Well, he's dead anyway, and the sympathy of the family and of society is with you. If you do go about a little in order to forget, everyone is certain to approve.

MARCELLA. Enough! Sidney Loney was a beast and I've shown him all the respect he deserved. We'll go to the theatre as you suggest and I will wear lavender.

KATH. You look stunning in lavender, and wear——

ENTER D.R., MRS. MARSCH.

MRS. MARSCH. See here, Marcella, I will *not* countenance your nonsense any longer. You will have to choose between stopping this or going back to your father.

KATH. Mother dear, please do not be so hard on Marcella. Where is your sense of humor? Why, mother, this is only a harmless lark.

MRS. MARSCH. It may be a *lark* to you, but it is really serious to me. If there was anything to be gained by it, I wouldn't mind, but——

MARCELLA. There is, somebody's happiness may depend upon it.

MRS. MARSCH. Where? How?

MARCELLA. Secrets. Will you promise not to breathe a word?

MRS. MARSCH. Yes.

MARCELLA. Well, I want to go on being a widow in order to test a certain man, because if he should turn out to be what he seems, I believe I'll marry him.

MRS. MARSCH. What? Who is the man?

MARCELLA. If either of you tell a soul, I'll murder you both in cold blood. It's Jack Loney.

MRS. MARSCH AND KATH. *(together).* Marcella!

ENTER D.C. SERVANT.

SERVANT. Miss Sarah Loney is downstairs and wishes to see Mrs. Loney. *(*MARCELLA *despairs*—MRS. MARSCH *furious*—KATH. *grins)*

MRS. MARSCH. All right, show her up. *(*EXIT SERVANT*)* There now, see what your *harmless* lark has done. Imagine, having that woman visit us. Katherine, I think you had better leave us.

KATH. Very well, Mother. *(Turns at door—grins at* MARCELLA*)* Wish you luck, dear.

[EXIT D.R., *grinning.*

ENTER C.D., SARAH.

SARAH. How do, Mary. The boys told me about Mrs. Loney being here so I set my heart upon seeing her.

MRS. MARSCH. Miss Sarah Loney, Marcella.

SARAH. Marcella? I thought her name was Nellie. I was certain when Sidney wrote when he married, he spoke of Nellie.

MARCELLA. Probably he did. He always called me Nellie. It was a sort of a pet name he had for me.

SARAH. To think of your coming here and of our meeting so strangely. I could hardly believe it when Jack told me that he had met Sidney's wife. And a widow. Did he make you a good husband?

MARCELLA *(sobs)*. Please, please.

SARAH. Well! Well, tell me all about yourself, my dear.

MARCELLA. What is there to tell? I left India as soon as the funeral was over—took the first boat out.

SARAH. And Agnes? She came with you, of course. *(*MARCELLA *gasps*—MRS. MARSCH *grips chair)*

MARCELLA. No, I came alone.

SARAH. Alone? You don't mean to say you left your own child behind in India?

MARCELLA. N—No, I brought her from India. I left her with my sister in—eh—London.

SARAH. So Sidney died suddenly. Not a violent death, I hope?

MARCELLA *(daubs eyes)*. He was thrown from his horse while he was drunk and trampled.

SARAH. Dear, dear. *(Pats* MARCELLA'S *shoulder)*. There, there, my child, it's all in a life time. And time mends aches and pains. But, dear, you must pull yourself together. You know you have the child to think of. Does she take after your side or ours? *(*MRS. MARSCH *horrified spectator)*

MARCELLA. I don't know, some say she is the image of—of Sidney. Some think she is like me. You must see her yourself some day.

SARAH. Indeed I shall. I am sailing next week. You must give me the address of your sister and I will call upon her, especially to *see* Agnes. *(*MARCELLA *much agitated)*

MARCELLA. I will—gladly.

SARAH *(rises)*. Good-bye, Mary. I'll see you before I sail. [EXIT C.D.

MARCELLA. Agnes, indeed! That's a little too much.

MRS. MARSCH *(rocking to and fro)*. Oh dear, oh dear, whatever shall I do, I am disgraced entirely.

MARCELLA *(puts arms around aunt's neck)*. Come, come, aunt—oh, I know—— *(Loud noise heard outside* —ENTER C.D. KATH. *and* BOB, *followed by* IMPOSTER, SARAH *and* MR. LONEY—*much excitement)*

IMPOSTER *(going up to bewildered* MARCELLA*)*. Don't faint—I'm not a ghost. The rumors of my death were false. Darling, I'm still alive. *(*MARCELLA *shrieks—falls in faint into his arms—*SARAH *advances—glances at* MARCELLA'S *face)*

SARAH. Come, we had better leave them together. I think she is coming around. *(*ALL EXIT C.D.—BOB *and* KATH. *bewildered,* MRS. MARSCH *stunned,* MR. LONEY *perplexed,* SARAH *triumphant)*

MARCELLA *(as soon as door is closed, glares at* IMPOSTER*)*. Release me, release me *instantly,* do you hear?

IMPOSTER *(sadly)*. Not glad to see your dear husband?

MARCELLA *(fiercely)*. You know you are not my husband, and I know it.

IMPOSTER. Not your husband? But my dear Nellie, I am Sidney Loney. If you are Mrs. Loney you must be my wife.

MARCELLA. I am neither *(Stamps foot)* Nellie nor Mrs. Loney. What do you mean by coming here and claiming me?

IMPOSTER. A man has a right to see who is using his name. A fine reputation you've given me all over town. I didn't deserve such treatment from you, Nellie.

MARCELLA *(furious)*. Don't call me that, I never saw you before in my life. I never knew there was a Sidney Loney, and I had nothing to do with choosing the name. My cousin Bob did that and your cousin Jack gave him the hint. The whole thing is merely a practical joke.

IMPOSTER. A practical joke, indeed! I guess you'll

not be so defiant in jail, with a suit for damages filed against you.

MARCELLA *(wildly)*. Stop! You cannot be in earnest. You wouldn't actually arrest me?

IMPOSTER. Why not? You are a common imposter, aren't you? You wanted to collect on my estate, you know about that money waiting for me there.

MARCELLA. How dare you insult me like that! Why, I tell you I never heard of you before, and as for collecting on *your* estate, why, man, I have so much money myself it is becoming rather a burden to me.

IMPOSTER. Indeed! Well said, my pretty. Nevertheless, due punishment will be meted out to you.

MARCELLA. Please, please—is there nothing that I could do to settle this outside of court?

IMPOSTER. Well—eh—eh—of course, you did a beastly thing to circulate those vile things against me. No, I don't think I could help you. The law will have to take its course.

MARCELLA *(sobs)*. Please, please—I will give you money, give you anything——

IMPOSTER. Well, I was never known to let a pretty woman in distress go unaided—ahem—I might settle it if you are willing to forward me a little money—say about $10,000.00—not that I really want the money—but just as a sort of a satisfaction, don't you know.

MARCELLA. Thanks, thanks—ever so much. When do you want the money?

IMPOSTER. Let—me—see. I sail for India this afternoon, so if you could draw the money before then, everything will be all right.

MARCELLA. Oh, that will be fine. I'll pretend to the folks here that I am going back to India with you. At the bank we separate, you to go to India, and I to go home to dear old Colorado, never more to leave it.

IMPOSTER. Fine! Of course, you must realize that I am only doing this as a special favor. My conscience rather bothers me, don't you know.

MARCELLA. Oh, hang your conscience. Everyone will

think we surely were man and wife and this whole thing will blow over in a week or so.

IMPOSTER. Well—eh—of course, if you say so, I guess it is all right.

MARCELLA *(sighs)*. Well now that is settled. I will expect you to keep to your part of the contract to go away and never bother me again.''

IMPOSTER. Really—eh—you cannot imagine how I hate to do this thing. I certainly think you ought to be punished.

MARCELLA *(pleadingly)*. Come now, do this thing for me and I *promise* you I will *never* use your name again as long as I live.

IMPOSTER. Well—eh—all right. *(Walks to* C.D., *turns back)* Oh, by the way, of course I trust you not to say a word about my taking the money to anyone. You know people might misunderstand my motives.

MARCELLA. Never fear, you can depend upon me for that. So long, will expect you at 2:30 sharp.

[EXIT IMPOSTER C.D.

ENTER R.D. MRS. MARSCH, BOB *and* KATH.

MRS. MARSCH. Now *what* have *you* got to say for yourself, a harmless *masquerade,* indeed!

MARCELLA. Don't get so excited, dear aunt, I sail for India with my *dear husband* at 4:00 P.M. So you see you will be rid of me, and if people inquire where I am, say I went back home with my *beloved* husband.

BOB AND KATH. *(together)*. What!

MRS. MARSCH. Marcella Jones, I will *not* stand this any longer, please explain instantly.

KATH. You don't mean to say——

BOB. Surely you haven't——

MARCELLA. One at a time, please. This is my explanation. I go out of this house with that man, who, by the way, I never saw in my life before, but, of course, I don't intend really going to India with him, that is only a ruse.

MRS. MARSCH. Really, I didn't give you credit for

that much sense. How—good—of you to decline the invitation to go to India with him.

MARCELLA. Come now, aunt, don't pretend you do not understand me; you see, we leave this house together in order to give people the impression that he really is my husband, in order to spare you the trouble of explaining things.

MRS. MARSCH. How—thoughtful—of you—I must admit. You are *too* good entirely.

ENTER C.D. LONEY, *much excited, rushes up to* MARCELLA, *gives her big kiss.* ALL *gasp.*

MR. LONEY. Thank God, you are safe. But where, oh, where, is that abominable imposter?

BOB. Who, what imposter?

MR. LONEY. Why, that man who pretended to be Sidney Loney.

KATH. But wasn't he Sidney?

MRS. MARSCH. Why, why, what new trick is this?

MARCELLA. What? Do you mean to tell me that that wasn't Sidney Loney? Why, I thought——

MR. LONEY. Yes, yes, so did I until I got home. Then my dear aunt explained everything. She said she was suspicious of you right along, and when she visited you and cross-examined you she was positive that you were an imposter.

MRS. MARSCH. How dare she?

KATH. Well, of all the nerve——

BOB. Gee, this is better than a movie.

MARCELLA. Yes, yes, go on, please. *(Much agitated)*

MR. LONEY. You see, she knew Sidney had not died and she knew he had invested quite a large sum of money on this side of the ocean. She cabled to India and got a reply that Sidney was as well as ever and was much excited over the news that he had a wife whom he had never seen, but would be pleased to meet her.

MARCELLA. Yes, yes——

BOB. Whew!

MARCELLA. Well, I never!

MR. LONEY. So in order to try you out, she unearthed this ghost of Sidney's, who, by the way, is the biggest rogue on this side of the waters, and laid the plans to trap you. To make a long story short, when you fainted in that scoundrel's arms she knew you were a fake.

MARCELLA. Surely, *you* don't think that I really played this game in order to obtain Sidney's money?

MR. LONEY. Marcella, how could you doubt me? Do you remember the time that I told you I would never change my opinion of you no matter what happened, and that I would always, always love you—no matter——

MARCELLA. You don't mean to say that after all this *you* think me innocent. *(*MRS. MARSCH, BOB *and* KATH. *make noiseless* EXIT D.R.*)*

MR. LONEY. Most assuredly.

MARCELLA. And you still love me? *(Archly)*

MR. LONEY. Marcella, will you marry me?

MARCELLA *(sighs, sinks in* LONEY'S *arms).* I will, Jack, under one condition that you promise me never to leave me a widow, either a sod or a grass one.

MR. LONEY. I promise, and I also promise that when that thief comes here to collect the money, which I am sure he frightened out of you, I will make him see the bottom of the stairs sooner than he saw the top.

CURTAIN.

FEMALE CHARACTERS

PEREGRINATIONS OF POLLY

Comedietta in One Act. Three Females

By Helen P. Kane

One plain interior scene. Polly and Margaret, bachelor maids, being invited to attend a musicale, determine to exchange escorts. The result may not have been such as was intended, but certainly was one to have been expected. The dialogue throughout is brilliant and snappy, the action quick, thus ensuring a success for this bright sketch. Plays forty-five minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS

THE RAINBOW KIMONA

Comedy in Two Acts. Nine Females

By Eleanor Maud Crane

One interior scene. The Rainbow Kimona is a club composed of seven of the Senior Class, each member wearing a kimona representing one of the colors of the rainbow. In a small apartment an entertainment is arranged in which each girl assumes a leading character in one of Shakespeare's plays, burlesqued in outrageously comical style. The whole thing is a medley of the most amusing kind. Plays one and a half hours.

PRICE 25 CENTS

OUTWITTED

Society Sketch in One Act. Three Females

One interior scene. Two of the girls twit each other about the attentions of a handsome young army officer at a ball the night previous, each covertly aiming to outwit the other. It transpires later that the officer has had a little tiff with another girl to whom he was engaged, and his attentions were merely side-play. For cutting but polite sarcasm this sketch is rarely equalled. Plays twenty minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS

THE FUTURE LADY HOLLAND

Comedy in Three Acts. Four Females

By Helen P. Kane

One interior scene. The dowager Lady Holland has arranged that her niece, Diana, should marry Lester, the present Lord Holland, son of the dowager. To that end she directs another niece, Yvonne, to devote herself to Stacy Brent, thus throwing Diana and Lester together. How successful her scheme proves is told in the climax. Plays one and a half hours.

PRICE 25 CENTS

TOM'S ARRIVAL

Play in One Act. Three Females

One interior scene. Three maiden ladies, learning by wire that Tom is to arrive, make different arrangements for his comfort. The surprising arrival of Tom creates consternation in the little household and the audience is kept out of the secret until the last moment. Plays twenty-five minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS

THE CONSPIRATORS

Comedy in Two Acts. Twelve Females

By Evelyn Simms

One interior scene. A clever little comedy showing how the Senior Class girls got the best of Miss Primleigh. Sparkling throughout. Plays about forty minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS

FEMALE CHARACTERS

RECEPTION DAY AT THE SETTLEMENT HOUSE

An entertainment in 1 act, by Agnes C. Ruggeri. Can be played by 12 or 16 female characters. 1 interior scene, simple or elaborate, as desired. Time, if played straight, 1 hour, or can be lengthened if specialties are introduced. The managers of the "New Thought Settlement House" invite their friends, nominally to inspect the building, but incidentally to induce some financial support. Among the visitors are German and Irish characters, suffragists, etc., some in favor of and others opposed to the movement, all widely contrasted and all good. This play has been presented several times for some of New York's largest churches and always with great success.

PRICE 25 CENTS

A DAY AND A NIGHT

A comedy in 2 acts, by Agnes C. Ruggeri. 10 female characters. 1 interior scene. Time, about 1 hour. Modern costumes. Dorothy, an idealist on the subject of boarding houses, advertises as about to open a cozy, comfortable home for members of her down-trodden sex. The applicants, including a suffragist, a demonstrator, an actress and a singer, are of such different classes that great scope is given for character impersonations. Jennie, the waitress, and Mammy Sue, the colored cook, have strong comedy parts.

PRICE 15 CENTS

ROSEMARY

A play in 4 acts, by Arolyn Caverly Cutting. 14 female characters. 1 interior scene, plain or elaborate, as may be desired. Time, 1½ hours. Particularly adapted for girls' high schools. The action of the play occurs in Boston. The cast, including as it does two Southern girls, a prim Boston matron, an old darkey mammy, an Irish maid, the "twinnies" and the other Boston residents, gives great scope for character acting.

PRICE 25 CENTS

A CONVERTED SUFFRAGIST

A play in 1 act, by Katharine Kavanaugh. 3 female characters. 1 easy interior scene. Time, about 30 minutes. Modern costumes. An excellent opportunity for a clever dialect comedienne, as an old darkey mammy has a very effective rôle and is quite important in developing the unexpected climax.

PRICE 15 CENTS

THE WHITE DOVE OF ONEIDA

A romantic drama in 2 acts and an after scene, by Helen P. Kane. 4 female characters. Plain interior scene. Time, about 45 minutes. Easily produced. An absorbing story of a child who has been stolen by the Indians and her restoration after many years.

PRICE 15 CENTS

A LESSON IN ELEGANCE

A play in 1 act, by Bernard Herbert. 4 female characters. Parlor scene. Modern costumes. Time, 30 minutes. A bright little society play, with numerous keen witticisms at the expense of ultra-fashionable people.

PRICE 15 CENTS

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CAPTAIN DICK. 3 Acts; 1½ hours	9	6
ISABEL, THE PEARL OF CUBA. 4 Acts; 2 hours	9	3
LITTLE SAVAGE. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	4	4
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BETWEEN TWO FIRES. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2 hours	8	3

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GREAT WINTERSON MINE. 3 Acts; 2 hours	6	4
SQUIRE THOMPKINS' DAUGHTER. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	5	2
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. 3 Acts; 2 hours	4	4
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MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE. 2 Acts; 2 hours	6	9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT. 1 Scene; 1¼ hours	4	4
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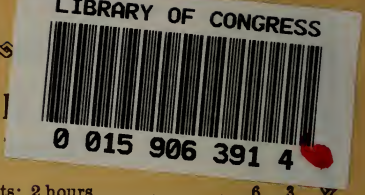
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